

BROADWAY STORE

2905-7 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY SALE

STARTED SATURDAY MORNING

We are going to give our customers an opportunity to purchase many goods for less than manufacturers' prices. After finishing our annual inventory, we find we have many small lots of goods that we are going to close out regardless of cost.

Blankets, Comforts

One lot of fine White Cotton Blankets, 11-4 size. Regular value, \$1.25. Our price, pair, .87c.
11-4 White Blankets, \$1.00 value pair, .75c.
10-4 White Blankets, 90c value pair, .65c.
On all our fine Wool Blankets, we will give a 25 per cent discount from our regular cash prices.

Big Corset Values

One lot of \$1.00 Corsets to be closed out, at .48c.

Dark Outings

One lot of good quality Dark Outing, 10c value, yard, .5c.

50c Flouncing 39c

Swiss Embroidery Flouncing, 27 inches wide. Deep work and 8-10-12-14. Special price, yard, .39c.

Bed Comforts

DOUBLE BED SIZE.
75c quality, .59c.
\$1.00 quality, .83c.
\$1.25 quality, \$1.00.
\$1.48 quality, \$1.23.
\$1.67 quality, \$1.45.
\$2.18 quality, \$2.00.
\$2.75 quality, \$3.00.

Special Values in Children's Hose

One lot of fine Ribbed Hose, Regular 10c value, size 5 to 6 1/2, pair, only .5c.

One Lot of Foulard Silks

Regular 50c quality for this sale, yard, only .25c.

One Lot of Fine Taffeta Silk

Regular 70c quality, yard only 25c.

Men's Underwear

EXTRAORDINARY VALUES.

Men's Heavy Floored Lined Double Breasted Shirts and Drawers, well worth 45c. Our price 43c.

Men's Single Breasted Shirts and Drawers. Regular value 50c. Our price .33c.

Men's Wool Underwear, \$1.00 grade, only .75c.

Men's Wool Underwear, worth \$1.50. Our price .83c.

Ladies' Underwear. Regular 25c value. Only .19c.

Ladies' Underwear. Regular 50c value. Only .39c.

Ladies' Underwear. Regular 75c value. Only .60c.

Ladies' Underwear. Regular \$1 value. Only .83c.

India Linon

20-inch Indian Linon, 12c quality, Special .12c yard.
20-inch Indian Linon, 18c grade, Special .15c yard.

Great Values in Shoes

One lot of Ladies' and Children's Shoes for this sale. Regular values \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00, for pair .98c.

50c Table Damask 39c

60-inch White Mercerized Table Damask, heavy quality, for yard .39c.

15c Persian Lawn 10c

Book Fold, 22 inches wide. Fine and sheer.

Laces

Torcheron and Val Laces, edges and insertions to match. An almost endless variety of styles, 5c yard; 50c dozen yards.

White Madras

A big line of White Mercerized Madras, in stripes, figures and dots. Prices from 10c to 24c yard.

Men's Heavy Overshirts

One lot of Men's Heavy Blue Knit Overshirts, Regular value 75c each. Our price while they last, each .25c.

Special Values in Calicoes

All of our best 7c Indigo Blue, Black and White Gray Prints for this sale, yard only .5c. All our best Light Prints, worth 7c yard, will go at .6c.

Special Values in Children's Waists

One lot for this sale, size 12 to 12 only .10c each.

Great Reductions in Dress Goods

25c All-Wool Tricots, 12c only, yard.

18c Fancy Check Suiting, 10c only, yard.

25c Plaid Dress Goods, 18c only, yard.

50c Black Dress Goods, 38c only, yard.

75c Black Dress Goods, 50c only, yard.

\$1.00 quality Satin. Pronella Cloth .83c.

Colored Madras

For Ladies' Manish Shirt-waists and Men's Necktie Shirts, 30-in. wide. Extra good quality for 10c yard.

White Dimities

TWO SPECIAL VALUES.
15c quality, only .12c yard.
12c quality, only .10c yard.

Ladies' White Waists

One lot of regular \$1.00 Waists to be closed out for only .39c.

Fleece Lined Piques

Regular 25c and 50c value to be closed out for .12c yard.

Linonette

A linen finish Suiting, 34 inches wide, .12c yard.

Batiste

Soft and sheer with mercerized finish, 40 inches wide, 20c grade for .15c yard.

Dress Gingham

A very large assortment of patterns and colors, many neat designs for children's wear. A close firm quality. Special price, yard .10c.

BECAME GIVER BY TRADE AT AGE OF SEVENTY YEARS

Dr. Pearson, at Ninety, Has Endowed Scores of Colleges and Will Give Away the Rest of His Fortune.

(From the New York Tribune.)

If you were ninety years old, would you and all your horses and carriages that you might force yourself to go into training and walk five miles a day so as to keep your old legs under you ten or fifteen years longer?

If you had \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 would you invest it in such a way that you could never get either interest or principal, all that on your ninetieth birthday you might be free, although comparatively nearly penniless, to live in peace and quietness the rest of your days?

If you had actually given away \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000, and on your ninetieth birthday, 18,800 young men and young women were momentarily sharing in your benevolence, while uncounted thousands around the world were sounding your praises because of what you had done for them, would you coolly and deliberately say: "It was not philanthropy, not a bit of it; it was business. I am merely my own executor?"

Then if you began to dissipate, to go "joy riding" and to attend parties in your eighty-ninth year, and thereby contract your first illness, could you keep a New Year resolution henceforth to imbue an gaiety and frivolity?

Do you believe these and similar striking things are possible? If not, The Tribune refers you to a stalwart man of almost ninety years, whose hair and beard are only slightly gray, whose voice is as firm as at thirty, whose fingers do not quiver, whose eyes are bright and penetrating, whose mind is as keen as ever, who lives alone in a great house that towers above flower beds and evergreen and other trees on the brow of a hill in the pretty little town of Hinsdale, Ill., seventeen miles west of Chicago.

You have known him well for twenty years or more, but probably have never seen him. They call him "the Sage of Hinsdale." To use his own expression, he was cured "as poor as Job's turkey." In the last twenty

years he has done nothing except give away money, traveling across the United States from land's end to land's end and from the Gulf to Canada in search of places in which to plant it where it would grow forever for somebody else's benefit. Forty-seven colleges in twenty-four states are already reaping the fruits. The number is to be increased; the fortunate ones are chosen. April 14, 1910, a Western college having twelve hundred students will receive a large gift.

Then Dr. Daniel K. Pearson, whose munificence is spread around the earth from his beloved native mountains of Vermont to Turkey by way of the Pacific and China, will retire to his Hinsdale homestead, where he will remain till he joins the departed acquaintance who first inspired him to make money and later to give it away.

Endowing Colleges "Fun."

Just the other day Dr. Pearson gave out the following statement for publication:

"I am having more fun than any other millionaire alive. Let other rich men go in for automobiles and steam yachts. I have discovered, after endowing forty-seven colleges in twenty-four states that giving is the most exquisite of all mundane delights.

"On my ninetieth birthday, on April 14, I am going to have a squaring up with all small colleges I have promised money.

"I intend to die penniless. If there are any other millionaires who want to have a lot of fun, let them follow my example. I am going to live ten years longer, and during that time I expect to do nothing but give away money.

"I have given money to twelve colleges in the South. I don't think any of my other gifts have given me the same satisfaction that these have.

"It is fine to sit here and think that the South knows it is made a better South by a blinded old abolitionist like me."

Front of the five acres whereon the Pearsons house is situated. From Grant street a walk of rough stone blocks cut diagonally inward at one corner of the grounds runs up the slope to the level of the base line of the mansion, when it turns straight down the front door and porch, goes diagonally out to the highway again. But for the sidewalk and turntable set trees and the houses standing on lots of equal size across the street—typical of the city—Dr. Pearson's place would look like a manor in a superbly improved forest, as it was when he and his wife moved into it twenty-three years ago. "To get away from the like winds."

He is a vigorous man in his ninetieth year, this dispenser of money. "Come and have a drink," he said suddenly, while showing the correspondent of The Tribune through his grounds a couple of days ago. Then he turned, his eyes twinkling, and finished the invitation with "of the best water you ever drank." He led the way around to the back of a cottage alongside the stone walk, pumped a few strokes and proffered a glass of clear, cold water. "It's the best you ever drank," he repeated. "Thirty feet deep and stoned up; had it dug twenty-three years ago, and it has never gone dry."

Dr. Pearson is a little more than six feet tall. His limbs are straight, but there is the slightest discernable stoop to his head and shoulders. He has not the slightest trace of a bald spot. Instead, his hair is thick and well combed back from a high forehead. His sideburns are of a little lighter gray than his hair, though neither looks like the growth of white expected on a nonagenarian. Of rather dark complexion, he has unusually strong lineaments. He had a Roman nose, large lustrous eyes, smooth-shaven chin, lips that shut with a snap when he tells you that he's as "close fisted as anybody can be." There are few wrinkles in his face, and none that is deep.

His Own Executor.

Exhibiting a keen sense of humor, the doctor dismissed some of his benevolence. "First," he said, "what's the philosophy of it? It's not philanthropy, not a bit of it. I'm acting simply as my own executor. It's purely a business investment. I have acted as the executor of estates, and find it is not a satisfactory plan. Where a man desires to restore the fortune he has accumulated

to the public, let him do it himself. I believe that to be the duty of men of wealth. I believe my plan of bestowing what I have to give will be adopted more and more by those who have to give."

"Have you disposed of it all?" was asked.

As he leaned back in his armchair in his residence office a serious expression came into his countenance. He took off his wide brimmed hat and stroked his hair, as if thinking most earnestly.

"No," he answered. "I haven't given it all away yet, but I have picked out the places where the rest of it is going—every cent of it—but people don't know that or won't understand it."

Subsequent conversation revealed that the philosopher received an average of one hundred "begging letters" a day, and that these merely annoyed him in his old age. He pays no attention to appeals for money, be the petitioner rich or poor, powerful or lowly, for the simple reason that he is not and never has been dispensing charity. The individual or institution that attempts to share in the remainder of his fortune through asking for it will only destroy all possibility of receiving anything.

"I've been a hunter after poverty all my life," he continued. "I have selected the wilderness in which to plant my money because it is in the wilderness that education is most needed and yields the richest returns on a small investment.

"I am the closest fisted man you ever saw. I said long ago that I would not be advised by any man on earth, and by only one woman. That woman was my wife. I have always intended to die a poor man. I want to dispose of my remaining holdings while my brain is still vigorous and unclouded.

"Chicago has been very kind to me. Before my ninetieth birthday I shall have found out \$1,000,000 in gifts to Chicago. I've given it around \$500,000, and have selected the places to put the rest."

Dr. Pearson gave the Chicago Theological Seminary \$150,000 on July 13 last, and the next day he gave \$50,000 to the Chicago City Missionary Society. A few days ago he gave the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago \$25,000 to help it raise \$50,000.

"Talk about beggars!" he went on. "Why, I wish you could see some of the mendicants who follow me out

here to my home. But, by Gadfrey! I generally manage to make them nearly ashamed of themselves. One was here four times in a few weeks from Central Ohio. Think of it, the grand, rich state of Ohio! He was begging aid for a well known college there. I said to him: 'Go among the wealthy of your own locality,' and he went."

"Heaven have me from suave beggars. I went to Chicago once and thought I could escape them. Not a bit of it."

The "Flies Gathered."

"As soon as my name was on the hotel register the flies flocked round me. 'See him!' That's the chap, go for him,' they said, and go they did. Every old woman with a missionary or sewing circle craze looked me till life became a burden.

"I want to be let alone. I want peace; that's why I'm closing up everything this year. I shall make my last gift on April 14 next to a college that has twelve hundred students. I'll be there to do it, and then I'm coming back home to rest and have a good time. I'll have \$10,000 a year and this house and five acres, and I can live on that."

The old man heaved a sigh and began, musing with a gentle, pleasant expression, as if he had already passed his ninetieth birthday and was enjoying the rest and peace he longed for.

"How did you earn your first dollar?" was a question that awoke the nonagenarian from his reverie.

"Shovel snow in the mountains of Vermont," he replied, rising and illustrating how he swung a shovel.

It developed, as has often been told, that Dr. Pearson was born on April 14, 1820, at Bradford, Vt., of extremely poor parents of Scotch-Irish extraction.

"They call me a Yankee," he said. "I take off my hat and bow. They call me an old Puritan; I take off my hat and bow twice."

He entered Dartmouth as a freshman in 1842.

"I rented a room in an attic and chattered wood to pay the rent," he continued. "I cooked my own potatoes and Johnny cake." He glanced the big room in which he sat, with its rugs and comfortable furnishings, and the recollection of the past made him shudder. And those were the last meals I ever had," he added, after a moment. "Whenever I could afford meat it was pork, and I cooked it in a sheet iron stove by thrusting

it over the coals on a poker.

"I live now on the planet of food, and haven't tasted meat in four years. I sleep—mind you, sleep, not lie in bed—twelve hours in every twenty-four, from 7 to 7 o'clock. I never take a nap in the afternoon.

"People laugh at me because I sold all my horses and carriages the other day. Why, I got rid of them on purpose, so that I'd have to walk to keep my old legs under me. I'm in training now, and I'm going to walk five miles every day pretty soon, summer and winter."

The Trip Westward.

The strapping young "mountain white" of Vermont, as he calls himself, was able to remain in Dartmouth only one year. He taught school and resolved to become a physician. Before he completed the course he had used up all his savings. A physician, who was also a professor in the college, helped him to remain until he got the degree of M.D. He began practicing at Chicopee, Mass. In 1847 he married Martha Chapin. In 1851 he and his wife went by "strap rail" to Elgin, Ill., and then took a wagon for Janesville, Wis. On the way a big pharisee asked for a ride and got it. They reached Beloit, Wis., where a building was going up.

"What are they doing over there?" asked the doctor. "Oh, some Yankee cranks from the East are building a college," replied the Westerner, as he prepared to leave the wagon.

Now, it happened that the head of the college that was going up was President Chapin, of Beloit College, a fourth cousin of Dr. Pearson's wife. The nonagenarian actually brood through the experience a second time as he recounted the incident.

"I shook my fist in his face," said the doctor, his whole frame shaking with righteous indignation. "Just like this," and said to him: "Old fellow, I've come out West and I'm going to help lift up the colleges that these Yankees are building."

Altogether Dr. Pearson has given to that institution, Beloit College, \$250,000.

"How did you get your start, doctor?" was asked.

"By saving, sir. That's the way to make money. Save it. I never spent a cent foolishly in all my life."

"How did you make your first money?"

"Put my savings into Michigan timber lands."

From further conversation it appeared that after a visit Dr. and Mrs.

Pearsons left Janesville, Wis., and began farming in Illinois. About that time the great farms of Michigan were attracting lumbermen. Dr. Pearson had \$1,000, and this was invested in pine land. A friend in the East asked him to sell a parcel of

(Continued on Thirteenth Page.)

For Pain in Chest



For sore throat, sharp pain in lungs, tightness across the chest, hoarseness or cough, have the parts with Sloan's Liniment. You don't need to rub, just lay it on lightly. It penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble, relieves congestion and stops the pain.

Here's the Proof.
Mr. A. W. Price, Fredonia, Kan., says: "We have used Sloan's Liniment for a year, and find it an excellent thing for sore throat, chest pain, colds, and has never attacked. A few drops taken on sugar sticks coughing and sneezing instantly."

Sloan's Liniment

is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog the pores of the skin.

It is an excellent anesthetic remedy for asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia, inflammatory diseases of the throat and chest; will break up the deadly membrane in an attack of croup, and will kill any kind of neuritis or rheumatic pains.



All druggists keep Sloan's Liniment. Price 25c. Box, \$1.00. Dr. J. C. Sloan, Author, Mass.